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AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS ON THE
OCCASION OF THE
FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET
OF THE

Indiana Society of Chicago

1905-06

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE, AT THE
AUDITORIUM HOTEL.

1905-06

PREPARED FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
WILBUR D. NESBIT
HISTORIAN OF THE INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.



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INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO.

Proceedings of the annual banquet. 1st-

7th, 13th,

1905-1906, 1911, 1917,

[Chicago]

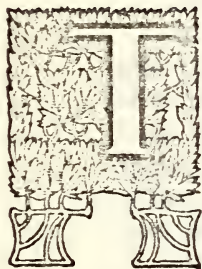
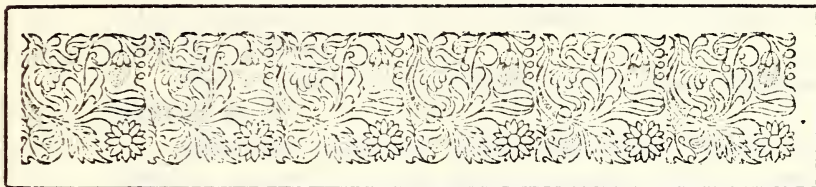
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THE First Annual Banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago was given in the Auditorium Hotel on the night of December 21, 1905, and the enjoyment and enthusiasm of the evening may be taken as an index of the interest of members and of their friends in the objects and purposes of the organization.

The grand old State of Indiana was toasted and praised to the highest degree by those of her sons who are now aliens, but whose hearts are still true to the mother commonwealth.

The great banquet room was decorated lavishly and tastefully with national emblems and with profuse designs of rare flowers and exotics.

Judge Joseph H. Defrees, as toastmaster, started the festivities by proposing a toast to Indiana, which was drunk standing.

The speakers' table stretched along one side of the room, and among those there seated were: Judge Defrees, Judge Christian Kohlsaatt, George Ade, S. S. McClure, the magazine publisher, who began his career at Valparaiso; John T. McCutcheon, Attorney-General Charles Miller, Judge Field, Judge Grosscup, Judge K. M. Landis, W. D. Nesbit, Father Cavanaugh, the President of Notre Dame; President Stone, of Purdue; Senator A. J.

Indiana Society of Chicago

Beveridge, the guest of honor of the evening; Dr. W. C. Covert, A. C. Durborrow, John E. Lamb, Judge Bethea, Judge McEwen, D. R. Forgan, A. N. Eddy, J. C. Shaffer, John Moran, H. C. Barlow and Curtis Remy.

The invocation was offered by the Rev. William Chalmers Covert, D. D.

After an elaborate menu had been served, toastmaster Defrees rapped for order, and introduced the first speaker of the evening, Mr. George Ade.

Mr. Ade said:

"I come here to-night truly thankful for one thing. I am glad that the State line lies to the west of my birth-place instead of to the east. I came within four miles of not being an author. I am thankful also for the privilege of meeting with the Indiana Society even if I do come in under false pretenses. As a matter of fact, I am now a resident of the Hoosier State. I had to move back there in order to square myself.

"A few years ago a well-meaning friend quoted me as saying in response to the observation that many bright people come from Indiana, 'Yes, and the brighter they are the sooner they come.' Of course I never made any such remark. First, because it is a libel on my native State, and second, because it is a chestnut. This brilliant retort was originally sprung by Joseph during his famous interview with Potiphar's wife. She was asking him about his native country and the trouble he had with his brothers, and remarked that a great many bright people came from his neck of the woods, and he replied that the brighter they were the sooner they came. Long afterward John Smith got a laugh out of Pocahontas by making the same glittering response when she observed

that many bright people were coming over from England. However, I had to suffer for this joke in spite of its antiquity, and found that I could live it down only by going back and establishing a residence in Indiana. Evidently you have forgiven me or I could not be present this evening.

"The subject of my brief discourse this evening will be 'Hoosiers I Have Met.' My friends, I am nearing that mile-post which marks the limit of man's usefulness. According to Dr. Osler, the man of forty has outlived his actual usefulness and is merely an incumbrance to the earth. Here, in the twilight of my career, looking back over a long and well-spent life, I find that the only real joys I have known are those arising from my association with Hoosiers. You know that every man who has rubbed up against greatness loves to blow about it, and inasmuch as I was born in Indiana and spent many years there, I have had unusual opportunities for mingling with the chosen and elect. If I had been born north in Michigan, east in Ohio, south in Kentucky, or west in Illinois, I should have spent my life in sordid association with low browed agriculturists, plain business men and cheap professionals. Having been born in Indiana, I have traveled with statesmen, novelists, poets, and every manner of literary genius.

"Seriously speaking, what a wonderful galaxy Indiana has shown to the world during the last four decades. The first great Hoosier that I remember having seen in our little village was Schuyler Colfax, one of the most lovable of men, and, in the judgment of all northern Indiana, the most worthy statesman of his time. I brought out my blue autograph album and he wrote in it. He was probably the worst penman that ever lived, but we knew it was his autograph because we had seen him write it.

"About the same time Thomas A. Hendricks swept down upon our Republican stronghold. I remember sitting on the edge of the platform there in the court house yard listening for two hours to his persuasive eloquence as he attacked every article of faith which had been hammered into me from the cradle. For weeks afterward I was haunted by the awful suspicion that possibly there were two sides to the question, and then a bright young man from Indianapolis—and by the way one of the brightest of our Hoosier collection—John L. Griffiths, came along and demolished the Democratic party and let a flood of light in on my young soul. About the same time (this was in 1876) I had the unusual privilege of riding for twelve miles seated alongside of Benjamin Harrison, who was going to an outlying town to make a speech. He was running against Bluejeans Williams that year, and his enemies repeatedly charged him with the awful crime of wearing kid gloves. It was a fight between bluejeans and kid gloves, and the bluejeans won that year, and Mr. Harrison seemed to have reached the end of his political career. And yet, when it comes time to make up the roll of honor from Indiana's sons, native and adopted, no doubt Benjamin Harrison's name will be first.

"In 1876, however, I remember that as we rode together in the livery rig I regarded him with a choking sort of awe and that there was very little conversation. When Albert G. Porter was candidate for governor he came out into the corn belt to deliver a speech and once more I tagged on and rode across country with him. We came to a mud hole and Governor Porter and I got out and cooned the fence for a hundred yards while the horses floundered through the black mire. And to-day, gentlemen, in-

stead of those frightful roads with their bottomless pits, we have boulevards as perfect as Michigan Avenue, and the farm hand who doesn't own an automobile seldom goes into society.

"These are some of the recollections of my early childhood and they are very fond to me because they concern the great big men of public life in Indiana. But really, I did not begin to feel on easy terms with Hoosier celebrities until I began to fit myself for a literary career by taking the scientific course at an agricultural college. It was then that I began to meet the McCutcheons and soon after that I began to hear of the Landises. In certain sections of Indiana the Landis and McCutcheon crops are only excelled by the corn crop. John McCutcheon had already attained some local reputation and George was breaking into provincial journalism. He was then known as John McCutcheon's brother, and when it was whispered around that he had a secret ambition to write a book and was sending away manuscripts and getting them back again we all had a great pity for him and often advised him to turn his attention to something remunerative, such as house painting. Little did we suspect he would one day have his name enrolled permanently among the six best sellers, and that the brilliant young cartoonist would be known as the brother of George Barr McCutcheon.

"Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon the frequent recurrence of the first person. I have met genius on its native heath and I want to brag about it here to-night, and therefore I must use the 'I.' While I was at Purdue University, wondrous tales came up from the south. Every collegian in the state had heard of Albert J. Beveridge, who was supposed to be 'it' at De Pauw University; the man who captured all the prizes, the State and Interstate cham-



MCCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF

GEORGE ADE

COURTESY OF ROBBS-MERRILL CO.

George Ade

pion orator, the sweet singer who could charm a bird out of a tree. Naturally some of the young men who found themselves chained to the chariot wheels of this triumphant young genius regarded him with more or less envy. Whenever we met any of our fraternity brothers from De Pauw, we would ask about this wonderful Beveridge, and they would say, 'Why, he has them all hypnotized—the President, the faculty, the girls and everybody.' Strange to say he has continued his hypnotic career until now no one can tell where he is going to stop, and goodness knows the Indiana Society is not going to try to stop him.

"Just after leaving college I began to hear of the Landis family. Most of the congressmen from Indiana are now Landises and those that can be spared are up in Chicago holding judicial positions. Never shall I forget my first meeting with Charles B. Landis. He and John McCutcheon and I found ourselves together in a small town where a mob had collected for the purpose of beating down the jail doors and lynching a murderer. We were present to send the story to daily papers and I remember that our attitude toward the impending horror was this: We felt that a lynching would put a blot on the fair name of Indiana, but would make a great story for the morning papers. Along about 12 o'clock we began to fear that our native State was not to be disgraced, so Mr. Landis urged Mr. McCutcheon to start something. Mr. McCutcheon mounted a store box, assisted by me and shouted in a loud voice; "Give me eight determined men." A deputy sheriff started for him and we started for Lafayette and did not see Mr. Landis again until years afterward when he was a Congressman and was teaching his brother Fred how to capture the adjoining district.

"Then I came to Chicago, but I couldn't get away from the Hoosiers. In fact, you can't get away from a Hoosier no matter where you go. My only pleasant recollection of Shanghai, China, was meeting young Charles Denby of Evansville, and the best thing I saw in Paris was Colonel Jack Gowdy of Rushville. And when I arrived in Chicago one of the first notables with whom I came in contact, was that industrious young reformer, Alderman Charles Alling. Now although Mr. Alling lived in Madison for years there is some dispute regarding his claim that he is a Hoosier. It is reported that he was born across the river in Louisville, Kentucky. In fact a bitter controversy has waged for years between these two cities, Louisville and Madison, regarding Mr. Alling's birth place. The people in Louisville claim that he was born in Madison and the people in Madison claim that he was born in Louisville.

"Needless to say I found Chicago surcharged with Hoosier exiles—men who were here not because they wanted to leave Indiana, but because the population up here could be worked more easily than the bright native article down home. You know it has been said that a great many men who are Hoosiers by birth are suckers by instinct. And so we who are true to the old State cannot blame you for remaining here in Chicago, although I trust that all of you are following my example and if you succeed in separating the Chicago public from any part of its revenues, that you will invest your ill gotten gains in Indiana.

"However, I am wandering from my subject. I started to tell you of the great Hoosiers I had met. After coming to Chicago, I revisited Lafayette occasionally and often heard of a wonderful young man who had come up from Indianapolis, and who was said to be the brightest student, the cleverest black-and-white artist,

the best singer, the best banjo-player, waltzer and cigarette inhaler in the whole university, so I became acquainted with Booth Tarkington, whose marvelous career has been a surprise and delight to all of his friends, for we with our usual mistakes in horoscoping had predicted that he would never buckle down to work.

"Then there was that other Hoosier whom I had heard as boy and who occasionally came to Chicago and did a bigger business than Barnum's circus. It would be a waste of words to indulge in praise of James Whitcomb Riley before an assemblage of Hoosiers. Every one of us had put him on a pedestal a mile high.

"During my early career in the newspaper business I had the privilege of meeting and interviewing such eminent Hoosiers as Judge Gresham, General Lew Wallace, Senator Voorhes and Vice-President Fairbanks, and I give you my word of honor that every time I went to see these men I found myself talking about Indiana and came away from them empty handed so far as any actual news was concerned.

"Looking back at these prized meetings after all these years I can see that probably they took advantage of the green reporter who was over-enthusiastic regarding his Hoosier nativity. Gentlemen, I find that I have made a mistake in choosing this subject. If I go on to tell you of my unbounded admiration for the towering Fairbanks, the urbane Charles Major, the genial Meredith Nicholson, the astute Harry New, the great Romeo Johnson, the volcanic Hanley, the immaculate Tod Sloan or the mighty Kid McCoy, I should take up all of the time allotted to all of the speakers. I cannot glorify all of the Hoosiers at one sitting. I will have to make it a serial. Indiana and the Hoosiers are proud on many scores, but I think that the chief pride of every son of the State is

for the men who have achieved honorable distinction in governmental affairs, in literature and the arts, and that in a country which is supposed to be intent merely on money getting. Not one of the many Hoosiers that we honor is called great because he made money, and not one but will be remembered and honored when the ordinary millionaires are forgotten. Indiana has made such a name for itself within the past twenty years that the Hoosier is no longer on the defensive. He is no longer terrified by the Posey County joke, and he is armed with facts and figures which give him the long end of the argument with any effete easterner.

"We are acquiring such a monopoly of gray matter that if a real bright young man rises up somewhere outside of the State and begins to do things the public and the publishers both begin to marvel. No long ago in New York, I met a man who said, 'At last we have found here in New York a native humorist who is just as keen as any of those fellows out west. He is as droll as Riley, as fanciful as Bill Nye and as quaint as Mark Twain. You ought to meet Simeon Ford.' A short time after that I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ford and during our conversation I referred to him as an eastern man, whereupon he said 'I am living here because I have interests in New York City, but as a matter of fact I was born in Layfayette, Indiana,' So what's the use?

The next speaker, Wilbur D. Nesbit, was introduced by Judge Defrees, who told the following anecdote: "Several months ago, I happened to be in Anderson and a fellow asked me, 'What's Bill Nesbit doing now?' I replied that he was writing poetry. 'It beats all,' replied the fellow, 'What some people will do for a living.'"

Mr. Nesbit spoke in part as follows:

"I am a Hoosier by acclimatization, and just as happy over it as if I had been born in the State. I belong to the Jacobite wing of Hoosiers. Those of you who recall the Old Testament will recollect Jacob, who was a Roosevelt Republican and necessarily a Hoosier. He became the father of Israel and was therefore the original anti-race-suicide man. You will recall that Jacob served seven years to achieve happiness. Glancing over the constitution of the Indiana Society I note that I am not an alien, as I had thought, for if one has enjoyed the equable climate of Indiana for seven years he is entitled to the rights and privileges of this society. I lived in Indiana nine years, and then I began writing poetry, and had to go elsewhere. To-night we have been very properly telling each other what a great thing it is for Indiana that we are here. We have been speaking of the great Indianians of to-day and of the past—men who have lent luster to the name of the State from the day when George Rogers Clark, with prescient eye, saw that in the future the Bobbs-Merrill Company would want a best selling novel and kindly laid the plot for 'Alice of Old Vincennes'—from that day on down to the time that George Ade quit planting capital letters carelessly in the midst of his fables and began yodling 'A farmer's life is the life for me'—and living at the Waldorf-Astoria. Yet, while we do all just and proper honor to the men who make Indiana famous by living elsewhere, let us not forget those brave souls of the olden years, those hardy pioneers of the history of the world, those Hoosiers who have widened the vision of mankind and whose names are cherished as household words wherever the English language is spoken of favorably.

"I refer in these vague, general terms first to that first of all Hoosiers—Adam. It is not long since a thoughtful man declared with great conviction that the garden of Eden was located in what is now Brown county, Indiana. We do not know much about Adam, at this late day, save that, like all true Hoosiers, he felt very sad when he had to leave the farm and go forth to battle with the world. Then, there was that other celebrated Hoosier, Christopher Columbus. Would he were with us to-night! Poor old Chris! An exile from home, he went to the limit of his ingenuity in devising ways to get back to his native heath. We are told that King Ferdinand asked him to stand an egg on end. Chris knew how. He had foreknowledge of the facts that would be accomplished in the cold storage plants at Hammond, Indiana.

"Christopher Columbus was a great man, and a great Hoosier. and his services to his native State are not entirely requited in the naming of Columbus, Indiana, in his honor. At the moment, I call to mind another Hoosier who has left his name and fame as a heritage to the world, William Shakespeare. True, he wrote his plays much as Mr. Ade writes some of his—away from home. Doubtless Mr. Shakespeare had his reasons for that. Shakespeare—Bill, as friends of the family love to speak of him—was a great dramatist and a clever playwright, but he ran considerably to quotations and seemed unable to work in enough songs and dances to make his shows last over a week in New York. Need I go on? Need I mention Mary Tudor, Queen Elizabeth, Henry of Navarre, and other Hoosiers who achieved eminence abroad, but whose Hoosier speech, pure and undefiled, is preserved for us in the historical novels which now crowd the shelves of our Carnegie libraries?

"And right here a point occurs to me. Envious outsiders look up from their books long enough to speak satirically of Indiana as the literary belt. They mention the dialect poetry regions, and the historical novel districts, and the countries wherein the ballade and rondeau flourish with the prodigality of the corn and bean of commerce. They have even prepared maps, showing by means of shaded and unshaded portions where the traveler must strike in order to find or avoid certain brands of literature.

* * *

"Mentioning Mr. Carnegie's name brings me to the prime cause of this literary activity in Indiana. Mr. Carnegie, as we all know, became immensely wealthy through manufacturing steel, hot air and other things. Mr. Carnegie evolved a pleasant plan for perpetuating his memory by donating libraries to any city that was large enough to hold one. The libraries built, it became necessary to fill them with books. Where has the world turned in times of stress? And wasn't it another Hoosier, Solomon, who said, 'Of the making of many books there is no end?'

"Go down the list: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri—all down the line they have been exposed by McClure's Magazine or have been jammed up wafer-like upon the rapier point of Tom Lawson's pen. Indiana stands almost alone; immaculate, pure—a vestal virgin tending the eternal fires of true citizenship. Even if I knew aught against Indiana I would not speak it—and I know nothing.

"I believe it was Martin Van Buren who started to drive west when he was president. He went no farther than Indianapolis. Carping folk of other states have alleged that his carriage sunk in a mudhole near White river, but the truth is that when

he saw Indiana he was like the man whom the doctor told that if he didn't stop drinking he would go blind. 'All right,' said the man, 'I guess I've seen about all there is worth seeing.'

"I wish more time were allotted to me—but I cannot encroach upon the pleasure you are to have in listening to the eloquent speakers who are yet to come—men of whom not only Indiana, but the whole country is proud. I thank you for your patience and your attention, and I agree with you that in the words of one of Indiana's best loved poets,

"The winds of Heaven never fanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana."

Judge Defrees in introducing Senator Beveridge paid a fitting tribute to this eminent statesman and admirable Hoosier. He said that Senator Beveridge came to Indiana poor in worldly goods but richly endowed with greatness of mind and integrity of character which he inherited from his parents, and that fame had crowned him not alone by this, but through his own achievements. There was a surge of great enthusiasm and the Senator was cheered to the echo when he arose to speak. His speech was continually interrupted, his statements and sentiments being applauded vigorously. The Senator was in great form that night and his oration, though brief, was terse, timely and trenchant, sparkling with pungent sentiment and overflowing with patriotic ardor not alone for Indiana but for the whole country. Senator Beveridge spoke as follows:

"Indiana is the home of the average American. In Indiana we have no vastly rich, no meanly poor. Our resources are more varied than those of any equal area of the Republic—our wealth

more evenly distributed. Crazy poverty and coarse opulence—those dread sowers of the dragon's teeth—stalk not through Indiana's fields. These are the conditions that produce no extremes but only one great brotherhood of just and kindly and moderate-minded citizenship.

"Being average Americans we Indianians are, first of all, conservative; for conservatism is the soul of American character. Neither radical reaction nor Bourbon inertia can live in our clear atmosphere. We reject nothing merely because it is new; retain nothing merely because it is old. 'Prove all things—hold fast that which is good.' These wisest of words of the wisest Apostle constitute our creed.

"The average American despises sensationalism. He is always cool, and sound of nerve, and full of health and honest through and through. And he knows that sensationalism is feverish, neurotic, diseased and false. So those convulsions of public thought and feeling, that so often move great masses of people to serious extremes, disturb not the perfect poise of Indiana citizenship. All the armies of all the 'isms' halt at the borders of our serene and clear-eyed commonwealth. Shams avoid us; and the demagogue gets no permanent following among our people, whose normal instincts sense his quality and whose keen intelligence sees through his disguises.

"After all these are the only real dangers before the Republic—storms of half-reasoned passion that may engulf the ship; class division that may set the crew at one another's throats; and demagogues, unskilled in navigation and reckless of their course and port, so they may, for awhile, captain the vessel and wear the uniform of real officers. Indiana, home of the average American,



McCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
U. S. SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
COURTESY OF BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

knows no such hurricanes, has no classes, no demagogues. Within the hearts of Indianians reside those qualities that make for the saving of the Nation.

"That common sense that refuses to be surprised out of its self-control; that integrity so natural that it is unconscious of itself and is honest in the dark; that pure courage that avoids all combat save that which righteousness compels, and in that cause counts death an ordinary duty; that patriotism which knows that the welfare of the State is possible only in the welfare of the Nation—these are the qualities which save the Nation. These are the qualities that make up the character of most of the Republic's eighty millions. And more than any other single portion of the Nation. these qualities are strongest in Indiana. Indiana the geographical heart of the country; Indiana the center of the Republic's population; Indiana the State where the common school is more esteemed than the counting house; Indiana where wealth, while sought for and not despised, is valued less than manhood. For Indiana's crowning glory is her conservative Americanism.

"If you would describe Indiana with a single adjective, do not call her the great or splendid or imperial commonwealth—call her the normal commonwealth, her people steady-pulsed and sane, perfect examples of the average American, among whom the character of that typical American, Abraham Lincoln, was formed.

"Yes, average Americans we Indianians, living up to the average American's ideals and glad to die for them. Indiana is supremely national—perhaps the most national of all the States—thinking first of the Republic and second of herself. Indiana has no State flag. Indiana knows that a State flag is a contradiction to our nationhood; knows that State flags are, at best, the emblems

of a reminiscence. And so Indiana has, by formal law written on her statute books, refused to recognize any flag or adopt any ensign as her own except only the Stars and Stripes, which belongs to California as well as to her and which waves over a people instead of a petty sovereignty—a people of which it is Indiana's highest pride to be a part.

"The average American is a man of peace, and therefore a man of war. He knows the brotherhood of plowshare and of sword wrought of the same steel; and so forty winters ago, when the red years came, Indiana, with her then scanty population of these average Americans, gave to the armed service of the Nation more men than the entire Republic sent to the field from first to last in the War with Spain; 21,000 more Indianians died in battle forty years ago than perished everywhere on land and sea in the Spanish conflict; and that hero-statesman, whom Lincoln called the 'President of the United States for the Mississippi Valley,' Oliver P. Morton, held the line of loyal States unsevered where the Confederacy had planned to cut in twain, the Union.

"Yes! The average American is made of fighting stuff and dying stuff—hero metal. But he demands a cause for his self-sacrifice; and the only cause worthy of that supreme surrender is the safety of the nation. And until the dread comes the average American loves to live the natural life of hearty industry—loves to weave through his earnest days the brighter hours of song and laughter.

"Indianians have always seen, even amid crowded and serious circumstances, the kindly face of humor. The great American got his first fund of stories in southern Indiana; and his Indiana boyhood gave him that turn for jesting which in all time has been

characteristic of the common people. Note the kinship of mingled fun and melancholy, of tears and smiles revealed in Lincoln's humane sayings, in Riley's verses, in McCutcheon's pictures, in George Ade's amazing parables, and in Nesbit's brilliant but homely wit. All of it reveals the same source, the same parentage. It comes from the common people, comes from beneath the roof-trees of the masses. It smells of the earth—brown from the plowshare or bearing harvests raised by the sweat of happy toilers for the feeding of the nations. It has the intellectuality of the open air; the sweep and freedom of the American mind—the American mind that stands erect and laughs at all pretense and all pretenders, whether among men or institutions. The average American bares his head only to the flag, and bends his knee only to the Universal Ruler of all men, all worlds, all things.

"Yes, all these children of Indiana's soil—Riley, Ade, the McCutcheons, Tarkington, Nesbit, Phillips, Nicholson—got their inspiration and material from the plain and brave and simple and yet high-thinking folk among whom they were born and raised, and whom, pray God, they never will forget.

"Riley is vital and will endure because he reports the real speech of real people in our common Indiana homes. McCutcheon's wizard pencil pictures the genuine comedy of the wholesome fireside, which is the dearest memory of every average American. And George Ade is the personified sham-hating, common-sense sarcasm of this same average American, whipping the whole brood of respectable falsehoods down the highways of public ridicule.

"We love Indiana because it is home—real home where love dwells and self-sacrifice yields its holy joys, where heartiness and simple faith and noble ideals still glorify the common heart, and where American traditions still are realized in daily life and living.

"We love Indiana because of its broad, unselfish, catholic Americanism; because Indiana identifies her well-being with the well-being of all the American people of which she is an inseparable part. Indiana never asks laws for Congress specially applicable for her alone, Indiana never opposes measures which the welfare or honor of the nation demand because she fancies some local interests may be injured; Indiana has no industries—wants no industries—whose prosperity does not travel hand in hand with the prosperity of the country as a whole; Indiana seeks no wealth or material happiness flowing from the favor of the republic's laws which every foot of the entire land does not equally share and which every one of our 80,000,000 Americans do not equally enjoy'

"We love Indiana because she achieves the true meaning of the common people—the plain people of Lincoln's phrase; not the 'common people' of the demagogue, not the 'plain people' of the political charlatan—no, not these monstrous caricatures of the American masses, but the common people who founded free institutions and for whom free institutions exist; who see in citizenship under such institutions life's highest prize; who toil joyfully for daily bread and count honest labor not one of the burdens of existence but one of its opportunities; who know that statutes cannot bring the millennium and that improvement in human conditions comes, like all good things in Nature, only by steady growth and healthful development; who ask of their servants only what they practice themselves—sturdy honesty, thorough work, unselfish devotion to the republic.

"We love Indiana because of the men she has given to the nation and the world; because of Lincoln and of Morton and of

Harrison; because of Riley, the American Burns; of Ade and McCutcheon; of Tarkington, whose genius has not separated him from the homely and wholesome folk of his native State; of Nicholson, Nesbit and Phillips.

"We love Indiana because it is a place where wealth, while sought for and not despised, is valued less than manhood; we love Indiana because she is true to herself, true to the nation, true to genuine Americanism and its sacred ideals; we love Indiana because, true to these things herself, she keeps us and all her sons and daughters true to them as well, and so is a source of righteousness and strength to this noblest experiment of all times, the American republic."

The last speaker on the program was John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist of the *Chicago Tribune*. Mr. McCutcheon made a brief and humorous speech in which he told of how he and George Ade had gone hand in hand along the highroad of higher education in Indiana until they came to the parting of their ways, and Ade picked out literature while he took the foundling child of art into his heart and home. Mr. McCutcheon then stepped to the end of the room where an easel had been provided with a supply of heavy drawing paper, and there he rapidly sketched cartoons of Senator Beveridge, George Ade, S. S. McClure, James Whitcomb Riley, Judge Landis, Vice-President Fairbanks and others. The onlookers were both delighted and amazed at the swiftness and sureness with which Mr. McCutcheon executed the caricatures, which while humorous to the highest degree and in some instances almost libelous in their facetiousness, were nevertheless true to life and characteristic of the faces represented. A number of Mr. McCutcheon's drawings made for the banquet are reproduced on these pages.

**Indiana Society
of Chicago**



McCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

COURTESY OF ROBBS-MERRILL CO.

Mr. Hewitt Hanson Howland, editor of the *Reader Magazine*, Indianapolis, was the only speaker called upon from the tables. Mr. Howland came as a messenger from James Whitcomb Riley, who was unfortunately unable to be present at the banquet, by reason of a prior engagement, which amounted to a court command, to dine with President Roosevelt that same evening. Mr. Howland said:

"Mr. President and Fellow Statesmen: So many beautiful and brilliant things have been so beautifully and brilliantly said to-night that it is with an excess of trepidation that I rise to my feet in the dreary hope of rising to the occasion.

"You who have forsaken the mother-breast and have suffered yourselves to be brought up on the Chicago bowl; you who have the fortune of birth and the misfortune of migration have become Hoosier-Suckers—you, I say, have set an oratorical high water mark that no unhyphenated Hoosier can by any flood of eloquence hope to reach.

"Once upon a time the command was given to go forth and people the earth. Indiana was a bit slow in getting the message, but when she got it she knew it was up to her to find Mr. Garcia and all the other inaccessible gentlemen. So she sent her sons and daughters out into the waste places, until now, to-day, wherever freedom shrieks or money talks there is a Hoosier ready with the answer. So ubiquitous have they become that the thoughtless are likely to be betrayed into the belief that the Indiana genius is to be found everywhere save in his own state. But let them not be deceived. Another generation already lifts its ambitious head. Another group already stretches out achieving hands. Wisdom will not die with us, neither shall humor perish from the land. The Hoosier soil is not yet sterile—it is not even sterilized.

"Something of the Indian still clings to the Indianian. He never forgets. Transplant him where you will, he always remembers 'back home.' There are no alien Indianians. Once a Hoosier always a Hoosier. And so they go from us only to become more closely a part of us.

"But, after all, it is not surprising that the rank outsider should define a Hoosier as one who goes from Indiana. Look at the marks—bright and shining, but marks—who have carried the message unto the heathen.

"See the foremost humorist of the younger day! See the man with the magic crayon and the mind to match it! Yonder is the six-best-sellers rolled into one; while 'over the Alps lies Italy, and there sits the gentleman from Indiana. The old commonwealth's unfrenzied financiers are lending money wherever the highest interest leads them. Her jurists, her lawyers and her statesmen sit in the seats of the mighty. A great sculptor, a great painter, a great violinist are hers by birth and inspiration, though they have found their technique elsewhere. The pugs of the prize ring and the touts of the track know that a hero in each profession first fought and first rode in Indiana. And as for her authors, the sun never sets on them, except the *New York Sun*, and it sits.

"You blessed Hoosier evangelists! You have spread the fame of your State over all the Union—spread it as thick as butter on country bread, and we who have tended the flocks at home have kept the sun shining that you might make the hay; we are proud of you—proud with a pride that is not only honest, but is rich.

"But back at Grigsby's Station there is one to whom the lures of the larger world have meant nothing. The call of the

wild has found him ever by his fireside, the door barred and the lamp lighted. If human judgment is not altogether a vain thing, then his name and his fame will live while Indiana lives. He speaks a universal language; he sings the song for all time. High is he in our love and appreciation to-day, but higher still will to-morrow hold him. Wherever there are eyes to weep, wherever there are lips to smile, his songs shall find an abiding place. And it is from him that I come to you to-night. His words must serve as excuse and apology for my own halting ones."

He then read the letter from the Hoosier poet to the society, which was as follows:

LEE D. MATHIAS, ESQ.,
Indiana Society of Chicago.

DEAR MR. MATHIAS:

Along with the invitation to the first annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago, comes your personal request for my presence, thus doubling the high honor conferred, and, alas! for me, doubling the weight of regret that bears me down even as a helpless, hopeless burden, realizing that you all want me and I want all you, while a perverse fate has implacably arranged to hold us separate—at least upon this particular occasion—for it is particular, and to share its certain glory would be a lasting joy to me, for, while life lasts, my love for Indiana—even as yours—shall endure. How the good God has blessed us, giving us such a home that even when the ever-questing truant heart has ransacked the world and you have hacked a name of renown on the hip of the oldest pyramid ever "stacked up" on the oldest Ptolemy—who died ages before he could spell his name—many of you will

recall how, even then, the thought of the little old crick bridge or culvert 'way back home som'ers in Indiana, antedates the pyramidal age and claim—since there your boy initials first went down in the gritty sandstone, along with—O, my boy!—along with those of the little, silent twilight girl at your side—ay, still at your side—and still silent. And you hear the way the old brook used to sound—such a bewildering blend of liquid, plaintive, dulcet sweetness of music as the hearing yet, in memory, weeps over as it listens 'way back home! So, honoring our childhood's home, we honor, too, the sacred memories of father—mother—still wistfully awaiting our return—whether by the lamplit window or the starlit skies.

Gratefully, loyally and fraternally yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The following letter of regret was also received from Mr. Edwin Walker, President of the Society:

MR. EDWARD M. HOLLOWAY,
Secretary Indiana Society of Chicago.

MY DEAR SIR:

I regret exceedingly that circumstances entirely beyond my control will prevent my being present at the first annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago. It is a personal disappointment to me that I cannot be present at this, the first meeting of the Society. It would be a pleasure for me to recall the incidents of the first ten years of my professional life, spent at Logansport, Indiana. I recall that during these years I was especially fortunate in having the personal friendship, advice and counsel of such

men as Morton, Hendricks, McDonald and others of state and national reputation. It seems to me that these men and their associates laid the permanent foundations for the high character that their State has since attained.

I am sure that each and every member of the Indiana Society will be true and loyal to the lofty traditions of the State of their nativity and adoption.

I shall hope to be present at many future annual and other meetings of the Society, and to each member and the honored guests of the Society, I extend my cordial greetings for the coming New Year.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) EDWIN WALKER.

Indiana Society of Chicago

The arrangements for the dinner were complete and thorough, and the plans of the different committees were admirably carried out. The menu was one of the best ever spread before a like gathering in Chicago. It was:

MENU.

BLUE POINTS
CREAM OF SPINACH, SOLFERINO
RELISHES
WHITEFISH AU CHABLIS
POTATO DAUPHINE
TENDERLOIN OF BEEF, BORDELAISE
FRENCH PEAS
SORBET AU KIRSCH
ROAST PHILADELPHIA SQUAB
LETTUCE SALADE
MERINGUE GLACE
CAKES
ROQUEFORT AND CAMEMBERT
COFFEE



MCUTCHEON'S CARTOON OF
HON. KENESAW M. LANDIS
COURTESY OF BOHRIS-MERRILL CO.

Great credit is due to the committees who had charge of the dinner and its incidentals. They were untiring, unflagging in their zeal and efforts to make the dinner a success—and to them is due an unmitigated meed of praise. The committees were:

SPEAKERS AND PROGRAM :

DANIEL W. SCANLAN, <i>Chairman</i>	GUY CRAMER
CHARLES L. FARRELL	FRANK M. MORRIS
WILLIAM A. VATER.	

RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT :

ALLAN C. DURBORROW, <i>Chairman</i>	HIRAM H. ROSE
GEORGE L. BRADBURY	HENRY C. BARLOW
HENRY W. GOSSARD	HUGH H. HADLEY
WILLIAM B. AUSTIN	CURTIS H. REMY
ELISHA C. FIELD	ARISTO B. WILLIAMS
EDWIN WALKER	SAM FINNEY
CHARLES W. MCGUIRE	KENESAW M. LANDIS
LEWIS H. FALLEY	LEWIS B. ERWIN

INVITATION AND FINANCE :

LEE D. MATHIAS, <i>Chairman</i>	WILLIAM C. FREE
WILLIAM T. FENTON	HERBERT L. JONES
FREDERICK G. CAMPBELL	

BANQUET :

HENRY S. TOWLE, <i>Chairman</i>	GEORGE B. MCCUTCHEON
EDWARD RECTOR	WILLIAM W. BUCHANNAN
CHARLES ALLING, JR.	

Already plans are being made for the next Annual Dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago, and the joys and remembrances of the first one augur well for the success of the second.

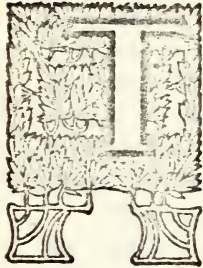


AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS ON THE
OCCASION OF THE
SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET
OF THE

Indiana Society of Chicago

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER ELEVENTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX, AT
THE AUDITORIUM HOTEL.

PREPARED FOR THE PERSONAL USE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
WILBUR D. NESBIT
HISTORIAN OF THE INDIANA SOCIETY OF CHICAGO



THE second annual banquet of the Indiana Society of Chicago was held at the Auditorium Hotel, Tuesday evening, December 11, 1906. In point of attendance and enthusiasm the banquet was on a par with the dinner of the year before. Particular interest attached to the banquet in that the Society had as its guest of honor James Whitcomb Riley. The toastmaster was George Ade, who filled the chair with success and kept the feast of reason and flow of soul gapless. Among those present and seated at the speakers table were: Gov. W. T. Durbin; Dr. Stone, President Purdue University; Hon. Christian C. Kohlsaat, United States Circuit Judge; Hon. Harry Olson, Chief Justice, Municipal Courts of Chicago; Hon. John H. Gillette, of the Supreme Court of Indiana; Mr. Wm. C. Bobbs; Mr. Chauncy M. Blair; Mr. Hewitt Howland, Editor of the Reader Magazine. The Rev. William Chalmers Covert invoked a blessing upon the assemblage.

A report of the remarks of the toastmaster and the addresses of the orators follows:

THE TOASTMASTER: "This is the second annual dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago. We meet once a year to glorify the state in which we were born, and to gloat over adjoining states.

The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the behavior of the system is not linear. The system is a complex system, and the behavior of the system is not linear. The system is a complex system, and the behavior of the system is not linear.

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Indiana Society of Chicago

"Each year we entertain a few celebrities—real Simon-pure celebrities. There is a difference between a celebrity and a notorious person. Illinois has many notorious persons but only two celebrities—Joe Cannon, who was born in Indiana, and James Hamilton Lewis, who was imported from the sunny south.

"We have so many celebrities in Indiana that to be unknown is regarded as a pose. Your committee in making up the programme for our dinners has discovered that we have so many headliners that we have to bunch them. We had a magnificent cluster of them last year and we are about to hand you another brilliant constellation this year, and we have up our sleeve enough talent to supply dinners for fifty years to come.

"The pre-eminence of Indiana is one of those amazing facts for which we cannot account. We know that we have got the bulge on Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, but we cannot tell you why. It may be our school system, it may be on account of the soil, it may be that an all-wise Creator has superimposed a different kind of atmosphere. We only know that for some reason we seem to start in about where they leave off. We simply take the blessings that are showered on us and are duly thankful.

"In Indiana, at the present time, if a boy of fifteen has not written an historical novel or delivered a few political speeches, his parents are somewhat discouraged regarding his prospects, and, as a last resort, send him to Chicago to be a business man. The hundreds of Hoosiers now in Chicago are not here because they have renounced allegiance to Indiana; they have sought a field in which the competition is not so keen. They have not sold their birthright for a seat on the board of trade. They keep it as a most precious possession, and once a year they take it out and

dust it off, polish it up and put it on exhibition here at the Auditorium Hotel.

"No doubt you will agree with me that Indiana is somewhat different from other states, and the dinners of the Indiana Society are not copied from the prehistoric formal banquet, at which a dozen long-winded speeches are unloaded upon a suffering assemblage. Our goods are precious, and they come in small packages. We don't have to keep you here until 1 o'clock to give you real entertainment.

"It shall be my pleasing duty to merely introduce the male quartette that we have booked for this occasion. Before doing so, I wish to welcome you in behalf of the Society—to welcome the Hoosiers living in Chicago, those who have come across the State line to be with us to-night, and the outsiders who are interspersed among us this evening trying to conceal their envy.

"My friends, in every landscape of Indiana there is a well improved pike leading over the hills to the little red school house, and if you follow the road for a few miles farther you will come to a college or university. We may be a little shy on millionaires down in Indiana, but we are long on professors. All of us know of the great work performed during the last half century by that good old Methodist school down at Greencastle, the school first named in honor of Bishop Asbury.

"President Hughes, of De Pauw University, is here to-night, and I shall ask him to speak for the colleges of Indiana. It gives me much pleasure to introduce to you Dr. Hughes."

DR. EDWIN H. HUGHES: "Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: I am nearly scared to death, because there are present to-night a college president and a college vice-president, and, very greatly to



VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS
LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENTIAL BEE

my surprise, one of the members of the Board of Trustees of my own institution. (Laughter.) The semi-annual meeting of that board occurs to-morrow (laughter), and, happily for me, after this speech to-night, Colonel Durbin has a previous engagement and cannot attend. So my mind is quite free from the embarrassment that he might carry any poor reports concerning myself.

"I have been honored with an invitation to speak to-night as a representative of the Indiana colleges. The general call I have answered gladly. But the specific request I have met somewhat reluctantly—not because the theme is uninviting, but rather because it seems presuming for one who has been in Indiana and in college work but little more than three years to represent a history so long, and so honorable, and so significant. For, the college life of Indiana is a decade older than the state life of Indiana. We stand now at the 90th anniversary of the state, but within a week we have celebrated the centennial anniversary of the oldest college in the commonwealth. It is no small task to deal worthily with a full century of collegiate work, a work that has been not merely continuous but constantly growing. I shall be forgiven, I hope, if I speak without too binding reference to my subject.

"And, besides, I confess to a personal hesitancy. On the Hoosier farms three-year olds are but well broken, and are not yet supposed to have arrived at full equine sense. Or, if we change the figure from the farm to the home, may I not, in reason, suggest Tennyson's words:

'But what am I,
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.'

Under the circumstances I might be justified in demanding that my older co-worker, President Stone, of Purdue, should speak for the Indiana colleges.

"But, Mr. Toastmaster, I am not only an infant college man, I am likewise an infant Indianian. The moons are not many since I set my foot, for the first time, on Indiana soil. But since then I have made up for it gloriously by leaving copious tracks in a large majority of our Hoosier counties. The Indiana spirit is like her malaria—it is peculiarly penetrating and insinuating, and a man catches it before he fairly knows what is the matter with him. I joyfully confess that the contagion is already hopelessly set in my own system.

"Hence, I am myself fully convinced of my right of spirit to speak to you. The only question is, how can I free myself from presumption in your eyes? Some of you are to the manner born; I was not. Some of you left before I came. Let us believe that both events were, by an inscrutable Providence, ordered for the state's good. (Laughter.) I can only judge that your committee, with a tinge of something that closely resembles regret or repentance, considered that almost anyone who *stays* in Indiana is competent to teach almost anyone who *leaves*, and that especially one who was wise enough to move to the state from far Massachusetts is fully fitted to instruct those who were foolish enough to move from the state to nearby Illinois. (Laughter.) I am hoping that my sorrow, as I look upon your faces and think of what Indiana has lost, will be more than equalled by your joy as you look on me and consider what Indiana has gained. (Laughter and applause.)

"But, gentlemen, in my relation to states I must openly confess that I have been a polygamist. You, who moved from Indiana

to Illinois, are only bigamists. The simple truth is that James Whitcomb Riley is almost the only monogamist in this gathering. (Laughter.) It seems strange to speak that way of a bachelor, but he is the unadulterated, Simon-pure Hoosier whose poems are 'Poems Here at Home.' (Applause.)

"My wider experience entitles me to instruct you all; for surely a polygamist can give points to a bigamist. I was born in West Virginia, educated in Ohio, began my ministry in Iowa, married in Georgia, settled in Massachusetts, and emigrated to Indiana. (Laughter.) I am glad to notice that this audience is intelligent enough to appreciate a genuine climax. (Laughter.) Like St. Paul, I can say, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content.' (Laughter.) Hence I am standing it fairly well tonight even here in Illinois. (Laughter.)

"Believe me, when I affirm that I well know how, being adopted sons of Illinois, you still rejoice in your native sonship to Indiana. I lived in one state the first eighteen years of my life, being content with occasional glancings or strayings beyond the separating flow of the Ohio. Then for four years I was absent from the state of my nativity. When I returned, full grown and changed, the train that bore me steamed down the valley toward Bellaire. Long and eagerly I waited for the first glimpse of the mountains of West Virginia, the Switzerland of America, whose sons in the early days of the great war gave the flag a new star, and wrote on their state banner the words, 'Mountaineers are always free;' and whose sons likewise gave the only instance in all the history of this whole world where a portion of a state seceded from a state rather than secede from a nation. (Applause.)

"At length the cars came around the curve, and old Wheeling hill, on whose rocky sides and beneath whose stubby paw-paw

Indiana Society of Chicago

bushes I had often played in the careless days of my boyhood, loomed high before my gaze. Standing on the rear platform I found myself, without consciously willing it, singing at the top of my voice:

'Oh, the West Virginia hills; Oh, the West Virginia hills,
Though other scenes and other joys may come,
We will ne'er forget the hills, the lofty, rock-bound hills
That cluster 'round our childhood's home.'

"Thus do you feel toward Indiana, whether your memory returns to the disappearing swamps of her north, the permanent prairies of her midst, or the quarried rocks of her south. The Indiana Society of Chicago! How it suggests the larger national feeling! The residents of Illinois tonight celebrate the virtues of Indiana. The time is at hand when state loyalty is large and state rivalry small; when few know what special star stands for a special commonwealth, but all are content to know that one blazes in 'Old Glory' for us each. And if tonight you claim that two shine there for you, we will allow your boast, resenting not the preference that called you hither, so long as you keep the old love that ties you yonder.

"But this, Mr. Chairman, does not show what the colleges have done for Indiana, nor does it show what they have done for the wider life! Here tonight are scores of men that tasted life at DePauw or Earlham, Butler or Hanover, Valparaiso or Rose Polytechnic, Franklin or Wabash, Indiana or Purdue. In those days you called your rival colleges high schools or even kindergartens; and you named their students quitters and bums; and you knew all the time that you were lying most loyally! (Laughter.)

"I do not need to particularize; but here in Illinois are men whom our colleges sent out to richer, stronger lives, to do their part in the making of the great and greater state. Nor did we stop here. We thrust our men forth into the empire of the vast west, giving Elrod to South Dakota, Buchtel to Colorado, Wilson to Washington, Booth to California and Harlan to Iowa, while to Japan we gave Sato and Chinda, and so helped to mold the decrees of that rising orient. The most far reaching forces in Indiana have been her colleges. (Applause.)

"And they have been practical, too. The academic life is supposed to be distant from the stern activities of this world. Professors are declared to live in the wake of the driving powers. They are sometimes called relics, and students when they revisit their Cherishing Mother, 'go first to see the fossils in the museum and then to call on the members of the faculty.' We will allow the irreverent and ungodly their fun, and then we will come forward to the insistence that the faithful teacher has been among Indiana's largest assets. Before him has marched that splendid procession that poured out to win the victories of the state and the nation. Speaker Cannon said that two of Indiana's colleges, which I shall not name, had been the leading forces in the making of the state. It is good to have your Cannon thus booming our colleges. And I say more power and more powder to him in this good cause!

"The educational influence of the college has worked downward to the plane of common and essential education, and these same colleges have fed and guided the public schools of Indiana. De Pauw gave Larrabee as the pioneer State Superintendent of Instruction; and Wabash followed him with Caleb Mills, the



ADE
FROM THE STATUE IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT BROOK, IND.

George Ade

most heroic and stalwart figure in all of the secondary education of the state. (Applause.) From the beginning until now our colleges have been close to our public schools, furnishing them teachers and superintendents and giving them such leadership, that I say with the utmost confidence that no country or state of this earth's surface has a finer system of public schools than has Indiana. I ought to know; for I am one of the eleven men that try to lift it higher yet; a hard task, because it is so high already.

"In the more prominent ways of public service we have done a like thing. If you were to take from Indiana's annals the names of men whom the colleges have sent well-fitted for their life work you would leave sad gaps and vacancies in her history. I cannot give you all the figures. One college alone, from less than 2,000 alumni, has furnished four governors, two lieutenant governors, two members of the President's Cabinet, five foreign ministers, five foreign consuls, five United States Senators, twenty-three state senators and sixty-six members of the state legislature. And a majority of these has been furnished to Indiana, herself! If the impressive list could be given from all her excellent schools and you, who are here in the glare of this banquet, could realize its import, you would shout loudly, 'Long live the Republic, and long live the Republic's colleges.'

"Explain it how you may, Indiana has in the last decade won repute as an intellectual center. In all ways we have been pushing forward to claim our own, and we will not be foolishly modest in limiting the list of what 'our own' includes. The days were when men laughed at Indiana, and an occasional tramp passing through the state still does the same, suggesting the Scriptural question often propounded by Dr. Upham, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind.' (Laughter.)

"Years ago one propounded to me this strange and interesting theory to account for Indiana's supposed backwardness: The more solid and conservative folks stayed in the east; the more hearty and adventurous folks went further west; and the mediocre folks who lacked steadiness to remain on the other side of the Ohio and who lacked boldness enough to pass to the other side of the Mississippi, found in Indiana a natural place of compromise. (Laughter.) The comfort in this is that it looks better for us than it does for our sister state, Ohio, although it makes us a little bit worse off than the state of Illinois.

"Now this sly claim or dig is, after all, different from the tribute of our senior Senator who declared to you a year ago, 'Indiana is the home of the average man.' We may modify it to fit the statement of an admiring parishioner who said that his pastor very often preached above his average, but never fell below it. (Laughter and applause.) Indiana has been the home of the average man; but she has likewise been the home of Harlan and Booth, of McDonald and Porter, of Voorhees and Hendricks, of Morton and Harrison. (Applause.) Indiana has been the home of the average man; but she has likewise been the home of Maurice Thompson, and of Lew Wallace and of James Whitcomb Riley. (Applause.) I could add the names of our other authors, but I dare not undertake to recite the city directory of Indianapolis or to repeat the names on our last state census. Suffice it to say that there are no *goose* quills left within our borders, and that, though a *fountain* pen will do for other states, inventors, with special reference to the Indiana market, are now working on an *ocean liner*. (Laughter.)

"One thing, I trust, our colleges may not accomplish. Whatever else they may do,—let us hope that they may not introduce

sameness into the Indiana character. The smooth culture that destroys all originality is not a gain. Other states secured their names from geography or history or size: the Bay State and the Green Mountain, the Empire and the Keystone, the Centennial and the Lone Star. But we won our name out of a human characteristic. 'Hoosier' came to stand for a type of person, untutored but bright, green but shrewd, ungrammatical but logical, humorous but earnest. Let us not refine away our characteristics, let us not disown or lose our name. Let each say: 'I am a Hoosier.' (Applause.) The time has come when no man among us all need be ashamed of the name. Given in derision it has worked its way from a joke up to a tribute until at last the most popular poet of America carries without shame amid all his laurels the title of 'The Hoosier Poet.' (Great Applause.)

"Tonight, gentlemen, I bring you greetings of Indiana's colleges. The greetings are various, as well you know. They come from the college of forty students and from the college of four thousand; they come from one building and a dozen buildings; they come from those who feast on heavy endowments and those who starve on none; from those who wear no collars, and paper collars, and celluloid collars and linen collars; from those who still wear jeans or even have come to a poor modern substitute, known as the sweater, up to those who disport themselves in swallow-tails and gleaming shirt fronts; from serious men who dig, and their shallow opposites who occasionally scratch; from those whose vocal organs are not yet fitted to collegiate noise; and from those who have adopted Russian names as college yells.

"Thus from them all, and from their presidents and from their professors, I bring you hale Hoosier greetings, charging you

solemnly that if some of our young people come hereward you will guide them from the temptations of this city, turn them to the vast opportunities of its life and in your own example set before them the beacon that blazes only on the glorious heights of unsullied and honorable manhood." (Applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: "Gentlemen, I once heard a man from Lafayette say that the principal products from Indiana were corn, oats, Landises and McCutcheons. (Laughter.)

"Mr. John T. McCutcheon is a great cartoonist; he was a great cartoonist before he went away last spring, and the longer he stayed away the greater he became. (Laughter.) If he had remained away two years he would have dimmed the reputation of Michael Angelo. (Laughter.) All that Mr. McCutcheon had to do was to discontinue work for awhile.

"I was abroad during the period of Mr. McCutcheon's absence from our city, but I made the fatal mistake of sending a letter back home every week. While I was writing those much-regretted letters from Egypt, Mr. William Jennings Bryan came into Egypt, and he began sending back letters, one every week, to the same newspapers that were on my list; and his letters were so much funnier than mine that I was out of business. (Great laughter and applause.)

"Mr. John T. McCutcheon is to deliver a lecture this evening. I have not heard the title of the lecture, but it will be self-explanatory. I wish to introduce Mr. John T. McCutcheon." (Applause.)

MR. JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON: "Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—I think in every banquet of this sort there should be a serious note. I think that it is well to gather about and have a good time,

so pleasant and humorous; but I think there are times in every well ordered banquet when one should introduce a serious note.

A VOICE: "Five hundred dollars." (Laughter.)

MR. McCUTCHEON: "I am perfectly willing to be serious, but not quite that serious. (Laughter.)

"My remarks this evening will be along the line of a travelogue, to use the expression of Mr. Burton Holmes, using as my subject a topic which has already been mentioned here this evening, "Indiana." And I shall hope to demonstrate that there are a good many nice things about Indiana which people ordinarily overlook. I think very often people make a mistake in going abroad to see the beauties of nature. I think that Indiana, quite near our own doors, here, is very richly endowed with beautiful things in nature, and it is my purpose here this evening to bring some of those things before you."

"Few people have realized the beauties of art and nature that lie so near our doors, and each year sees shiploads of tourists speeding for the show places of Europe and Japan. How truly has Ralph Waldo Emerson said, 'It is funny people do not visit their own country before hiking off to Europe.'"

Here Mr. McCutcheon showed several views and stereopticon slides supposed to represent scenes along the Wabash, although they looked suspiciously like pictures of the Rhine in its most beautiful parts.

"Yet Indiana is not alone distinguished in scenery," Mr. McCutcheon declared, "although nature has lavished her richest ornaments in the places bounded on the east by Ohio, on the west by Illinois, on the South by Kentucky and on the north by Michigan. Her citizens are endowed with great culture and learning, and



C. B. LANDIS
DEFENDING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FROM THE ATTACKS OF
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND ANDREW CARNEGIE

these citizens have done much to beautify the pages of the State's history. We wander through the Vatican, the Louvre and the famed galleries of Europe and behold splendid monuments to distinguished figures of history. Some day, perhaps a hundred years from now, there doubtless will be many splendid statues adorning the parks of Indianapolis, all telling their deathless stories in enduring marble—telling the world of a few of the splendid characters who have adorned the history of Indiana.

"Suppose we look forward and in fancy take a walk through one of these beautiful parks and see what will be the verdict of the future. Let us say that it is a fair, sunny afternoon. We thread our way along a labyrinth of beauties, among the chaos of monuments, and at last arrive at the sepulchre of Indiana's immortals. Before us range in vistas the beautiful statues commemorating our illustrious forefathers. In the foreground we see a magnificent statue and approach admiringly. It is an athletic figure, and we stand spell bound in voiceless wonder. Who is it? We read the inscription and see that it is the figure of an illustrious character who flourished in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The inscription bears the name of Kid McCoy."

Here a picture was shown which looked very much like the figure of Apollo Belvedere, with an arm extended in a generous display of biceps. Following this statue came the figure of a small child crying. Mr. McCutcheon explained this as being an Indiana author grieving because descendants of the Bobbs-Merrill Company had rejected a manuscript.

Coming directly to the "Hall of Fame" Mr. McCutcheon first presented a statue of Judge Kenesaw Landis in the act of spanking a lawyer who was reclining across his knee.

The second group of statuary represented Governor Hanly handing a solar plexus blow to the gamblers of Indiana. Mr. McCutcheon described this as being a remarkably impressive group, which combined virility of action and strength in technique.

Speaker Cannon was then shown gracefully seated in his speaker's chair. He was identified as "a celebrated Indianian who lived in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and served in the White House between the years 1913 and 1917."

In a group, "The Poet and His Lyre," the poet was Mr. Meredith Nicholson and the other figure was supposed to be Mr. Bobbs, the publisher. Col. Jewett appeared in a statue in the act of introducing benevolent assimilation in the Philippines.

Tom Taggart was shown in a spirited group in a duel with Pluto at French Lick Springs. Vice President Fairbanks was shown in an expectant attitude, listening to the presidential bee. He was said to have been president between the years 1925 and 1933.

Congressman C. B. Landis, who is chairman of the Printing Committee in the House of Representatives, appeared in the act of defending the English language against the attacks of President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie. He was called Senator Landis, and represented as having served in the Senate for a long period beginning about 1912.

George Barr McCutcheon was shown buried in his novels, illustrating the fate of the prolific author, and Senator Beveridge was represented in the act of delivering a speech in the Senate. His auditor, an aged man, was said to have been a boy when the speech began. The Senator was said to have served in the White House between the years 1937 and 1945.

George Ade then appeared looking very much like a Bowery gentleman. This particular group was explained as being the verdict of the future, rendered by those who knew him only through having read his "Fables in Slang." A companion piece was shown, in which Mr. Ade appeared in his true guise. This was a copy of a statue which was erected in the public square in the town of Ade along about 1925, and represented Mr. Ade surrounded by a group of small Ades.

James Whitcomb Riley appeared first in a statue showing him in farmer costume and holding a hoe in his hand. This was supposed to represent the future conception of Mr. Riley by those who knew him only through his homely Hoosier dialect poetry. A companion piece was shown representing him as an L. L. D.

A number of reproductions of Mr. McCutcheon's pictures are printed on other pages of this booklet.

THE TOASTMASTER: "Some twenty years ago as a member of an oath-bound organization, the purpose of which was to show the faculty how to run the college, we used to hear a great deal about a beloved brother named Charlie Jewett, who lived out in New Albany, and occasionally radiated in all directions from that point. A year or two later a man named Senator Jewett began to dominate the democratic politics of Indiana at Indianapolis, and then in a very short time Speaker Jewett appeared and presided over one branch of the legislature. Occasionally we would read in the newspapers that the Hon. Charles L. Jewett was delivering speeches at the various county seats. When grim-visaged war made an awful fright about eight years ago, and then it was Judge Advocate Jewett who went out to the Philippines to take the little brown brother by the hand and lead him to the pleasant bowers of civil-

ized litigation. When the heroes returned, we read in the newspapers that among them was a certain gentleman who had earned the military title of Colonel Jewett.

"We began to believe that the Jewett family was about as numerous and important as the McCutcheon family was around Lafayette, or the Landis tribe around Delphi. I was very much surprised when I learned last week that all these eminent Jewetts were one and the same person; who, for some reason has chosen to come here this evening under the *nom de plume* of Colonel Jewett, but I want to assure you that it is Charlie Jewett, Speaker Jewett, Senator Jewett, Judge Advocate Jewett, Honorable Charles L. Jewett and Colonel Jewett, all rolled in one.

"He will speak to you this evening regarding 'The Hoosier—Then and Now—Here, There and Elsewhere.' Gentlemen, Colonel Jewett." (Applause.)

COL. CHARLES L. JEWETT: "What Mr. Ade has just said will compel me in self defense to abandon the entirely impersonal response which I had prepared in manuscript form for this occasion."

A VOICE: "Good!"

COL. JEWETT: "I will say, Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen, that I would rather have that said after I get through.

"The compliment implied by your invitation seemed to make it incumbent upon me to accumulate useful information that might remain in your memories to outlive the chatter usually deemed sufficient at such occasions as this and somewhat in evidence already. To that end I had prepared and have here pages of veracious statistics to which you would have listened with absorbing interest. The absurdly short time allowed by Mr. Scanlan, a most charming gentleman—but what he does not know about real orators would

fill a large volume if published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company—the absurdly short time, I say, made it evident that I could only read the headings and totals and therefore I arranged them like this:

“Number of miles of gravel road constructed since the last census.

“Acres of swamp land reclaimed by great labor and later bought in for taxes by prosperous playwrights. (Laughter.)

“Number of reforms instituted and carried to successful conclusion by Governor Hanly in a single working day of eight hours. (Laughter.)

“Names of Hoosiers who assisted to bring the Chicago Street Railway System to its present high degree of efficiency. (Laughter.)

“Percentage of people who moved from Indiana to Illinois for reasons afterwards found not sufficient to justify action by the Grand Jury. (Laughter and applause.)

“For the reasons stated as to these and many other kindred matters you must go uninformed to your graves. It is doubtless true that what is beyond recall should be past regret, nevertheless the words of the Toastmaster bring to my mind one of the bitter mistakes of my life; I now see that it was a mistake for John T. McCutcheon and myself to hold the Spaniards in check in 1898. (Laughter.) They should at least have been permitted to invade Indiana far enough to put George Ade to the sword. (Laughter.)

“Now the applause Mr. McCutcheon caused by the libelous cartoons, with which he illustrated his delightful talk, tempts me also to make my response to some extent an illustrated one. Of course, I cannot draw pictures like John, and for that matter neither can any one else in this wide world. (Applause.) So I



SENATOR BEVERIDGE
THE OLD GENTLEMAN WAS A YOUNG MAN WHEN THE SENATOR
BEGAN TO SPEAK

must necessarily rely on the material at hand; and what more charming natural subject could be found than your Guest of Honor. (Applause.) What two more perfect works of art than the menu card and the Toastmaster. (Applause and laughter.)

"Emblazoned on the card which lies before each of you is the Hoosier Coat of Arms, although it is always spoken of as the Great Seal of the State by Judge Gillette and all other judges who get over \$2500 a year. (Laughter.) This Coat of Arms is simple in design, but the story it tells is most pregnant. It shows a rising sun, a woodman felling a tree, a buffalo running away from the sound of the work, westward toward Chicago. I presume evidently bound for the Jungle. This beast, my friends, was but the leader in movement which has ever since continued. From then till now everybody in Indiana who got scared at the work we are compelled to do to make a living in Indiana, at least that kind of living, has fled to the restful spot where we are now assembled. (Laughter and applause.)

"Our Hoosier forefathers were a busy and a wise lot. They got this coat of arms right at the start. They had not much else and in that respect show that they were distantly related to the marrying nobility. And they were very proud of this coat of arms. They impressed it on numberless pieces of paper, which, with a lavish hand, they distributed through the then somewhat limited financial universe. From that time to this these have been coming back to us borne down by the weight of years, protest fees, arrears of interest and things of that sort. (Laughter.)

"No better proof of the wisdom of the Hoosier forefathers is needed than the sagacity they exhibited in selecting a place where they intended to have their state. By carefully placing between it and Kentucky the wide and deep, though somewhat discolored Ohio River, they secured their descendants from a too great fondness

for whiskey and the necessity of wearing side arms while engaged in agriculture. By resolutely refusing to have any part of their state either in Illinois or Ohio they have escaped all responsibility for the vagaries of Chicago politics or the smells of Cincinnati. (Laughter.)

"The Hoosier forefather kept his coat of arms intact. It is now just as it was then, and I cannot forbear relating at this time an incident which forever associates it with the personal history of our distinguished Toastmaster.

"In those far away days, when it looked to the neighbors at least, it was feared that George Ade would finally have to be listed as a liability instead of an asset. (Laughter.) He went to school, to a public school—not a Sunday school. And it was during an examination of the class in heraldry with this coat of arms as the subject, that his loving teacher was horrified to discover the symptoms of that denatured vocabulary with which he has since scourged mankind. (Laughter.) Said she, 'Georgie, upon a field a sun radiant, a Hoosier rampant, chopping at a tree soon to be recumbent. What do you say as to the animal?' Promptly answered he, 'A buffalo, skidoo.' (Laughter.)

"Researches by the Central Indiana Historical Society have a sentimental value here tonight. It has been ascertained that the location of this scene was in what is now Hancock County, Indiana, the birth place of your Guest of Honor. The man chopping at the tree is clearing 'the lower forty' and was a direct ancestor of 'An Old Sweatheart of Mine,' several degrees removed. The pool of water just below is 'The Old Swimming Hole,' while just beyond is the whistling post for 'Grisby Station.' (Applause.)

"Now, while the people of Grigsby Station were undeniably happy, the belief that they were also 'pore' arises out of a curious misunderstanding which seems to have affected Dr. Riley at an

early time in his career. It arose from the fact that no complete list of their personal property was ever obtained.

"It was the custom then as now, each Spring for certain curious persons to go about from door to door and ask householders to answer and swear to questions relating to purely private affairs. (Laughter). These papers were used then as now to later extort money to be used to pay the hotel bills of members of legislatures while at Indianapolis passing laws to increase the rate of taxation. (Laughter.) The practice has never been abandoned though it is, I feel safe in saying, universally unpopular, and has had, or does have, a most disastrous effect upon the material prosperity of the state. During the thirty days devoted to the certification of these lists the value of the personal property of Indiana shrinks more than \$500,000,000. (Laughter.)

"Now while the people of Grigsby station were very happy they were also very husky and proud of their progeny, and there is where the trouble came in. While they would patiently answer one as to the number of carriages, gold watches and diamonds, and reluctantly answer one as to the number of cows, whenever he propounded to them the final question, 'number of asses,' he was invariably thrown out. (Laughter.)

"To my mind the most interesting figure on the Coat of Arms is the man. He represents the farmer class, to whom Indiana owes its real greatness and from which its two most distinguished citizens thus far in its history have sprung. In Indiana we have real and spurious farmers. James Whitcomb Riley, Doctor Riley, is one of the pretenders. John McCutcheon seems to have known him in those days, for you saw Dr. Riley first here represented as 'The Man with the Hoe.' Now, he is not a farmer. He is a pretender. Three years ago I met him leaving this hotel in the County Fair season, and he was in a great hurry. After I had

satisfied myself that he was not simulating the haste through fear that I might want to float a small loan, I asked him, 'Jim, what is your hurry?' He looked me coldly in the eye and said, 'Charlie, next week I am going to exhibit two stands of bees at the Mahalassville Fair.' (Laughter.) The fact is that he did not then, nor since, have a bee in the world."

DR. RILEY: "Not even in my bonnet."

COLONEL JEWETT: "No, dear modest chap that he is, he didn't have one in his bonnet; but he ought to have one there now and always, a busy bee, a knowing bee, buzzing in his ear the great truth that throughout an admiring world he has been crowned the people's Poet Laureate of hope and heart and home. (Applause.)

"But he is no farmer. The fact is, Dr. Riley is a lawyer, a member of the Indiana Bar. (Laughter.) I can prove that by anybody—I am not in the habit, gentlemen, of calling corroboration to my personal statements—but I can prove that by anybody who attended the banquet to the Federal Judiciary last April in Indianapolis. (Laughter.)

"Now, you may wonder in view of his many great triumphs in another line, how it happens that Dr. Riley is a lawyer. A simple explanation will suffice. Our Hoosier forefathers knew precisely what it took to constitute a lawyer, and they put it in the Constitution. They provided—they put in the Constitution—that before a man should be admitted to practice in the highest courts he must have accumulated twenty-one years' of age, and meanwhile managed to preserve a good character. (Laughter.) Dr. Riley possesses both of these qualifications several times over. (Laughter and applause.)

"On the other hand George Ade is a real farmer. You have seen tonight an accurate representation of his Newton County farm, and you have gained thereby some general idea of his agri-

cultural operations. But only we who have seen him there can justly measure the hard life of this toiler as he wrings his bread from the swampy soil. (Laughter.) One day of his life would be a revelation to the devotees of luxury here. (Laughter.) At early dawn he issues forth bound for the place where the night before he had placed the only farm tool he knows how to use, and a little later he can be seen returning with the fruits of his husbandry, carrying it by the hind legs. (Laughter.) Then after a substantial breakfast of fried rabbit he seeks a well earned repose to dream of the coming day when his genius shall create a great composite character, a single personality, combining in one individual the seductive charms of the Slim Princess and the civic righteousness of the present Governor of Indiana. (Laughter and applause.)

"My countrymen, the dear old state for the love of which we are here tonight, has ever occupied an unique position. Indiana was not favored by what nature gave, but we do now know that she was doubly blessed in what nature and chance denied. The trying climate was not for the nurture of weaklings. Throughout most of the territory he who would found a home must first uncover the soil from dense forest or reclaim it from the swamp. Her bosom held no spoil of gold to tempt the gamester of adventure. For her no mighty cities rose nor ports to which the commerce of half a world might come with their sure attendants, crass wealth and huddled squalor. The mighty tide of immigration, speculation and material conquest swept contemptuously by Indiana to flood the plains of the further west and break against the golden ranges of the Pacific.

"And so it was that to Indiana's share fell a sparse and straggling population—pioneers from the older states, from New England, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky. Men of obscure origin and unlettered mostly; who had known suffering, who met

Indiana Society
of Chicago



DR. RILEY, LL. D.
MAKING HIM FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE

hardship with undaunted eye and accepted toil under the simple belief that it was the common lot. Sturdy lives, these who came to make the wilderness their children's home. Men of lowly faith, but Americans all. In their veins the blood and upon their hearts the embers of the then recent Revolution. There for nearly a century they and their descendants have striven to achieve that one surpassing glory of a state: an intelligent, high-minded, self-reliant, splendid citizenship. (Applause.)

"Behold the result. Now in the early years of the twentieth century Indiana proudly lifts her head the Cornelia of the states. In this teeming metropolis her sons are found among the front rank in industry, business, finance, learning, literature and professional life; leaders in thought and action in every department of endeavor.

"As here, so at home and elsewhere in lesser numbers everywhere throughout the land, are they in the vanguard of progress: an American legion of honor, a Hoosier aristocracy of brains. (Applause.)

"Glorious Indiana! Native land of mine and of the dear one who gave me birth, to thee Hail Homage! Throughout the earth thy sons will continue to write thy name higher and higher, even to the stars, O conservative, patriotic, alert, intelligent, sane and steady, matchless Indiana!" (Great applause.)

THE TOASTMASTER: "Gentlemen, in a small town in Indiana about thirty years ago, there was a small, smooth bore cannon left over from the Civil War, and a well known character by the name of Wes Ferguson was in the habit of firing off this cannon at the slightest provocation. Whenever there was an Old Settlers' Reunion, when the superintendent of schools got up on the Fourth of July to read the Declaration of Independence, when a member of Congress came out to speak at a rally, or whenever a Colonel

came out from Indianapolis to address us on Decoration Day, Wes Furgeson would shoot off the cannon. During one of these old time political campaigns when politics really meant something in Indiana a wonderful thing happened to this town. We received some news which convulsed us. We got word that Oliver P. Morton, certainly a most glorious figure in the history of our state—our beloved War Governor (Applause), the idol of thousands of devoted followers—we received word that Oliver P. Morton was coming out to our town to deliver an address.

"So Wes Ferguson hunted up the County Chairman and said to him, "Cap, I'm in an awful fix. What am I going to shoot off now." (Laughter.)

"Gentlemen, I trust that you will grasp the moral of this story without any further explanation. (Laughter.)

"I have no doubt that every native son of our state who in the old days stood in the courthouse yard and listened to Daniel W. Vorhees, or one of the other spellbinders of the good old school, had a secret ambition to get up some day and make that same kind of a speech. This is the time that I would like to make that kind of a speech. I wish that I had the nerve or vocal energy to address you something after this fashion:

"Gentlemen of the Indiana Society. When shall come the time to imprint upon the imperishable scroll of fame the names of those whose life work has shed the lustre of glory upon our commonwealth, there shall be one name placed high above all the others, and no one shall deny it—

"I cannot do it, that is all.

"I would like to do it, but I know that the most superlative phrases are totally inadequate. (Cries of "Go on, George. Cheer up," etc.) There are only a few of you who can do it, and I cannot.

"But I wish to say, speaking seriously and for the Indiana

Society, that there is one man in Indiana that we have put on a pedestal a mile high. He is the incarnation of all that is sincere and lovable in the character of the folks that we knew back at home. We admire him as a literary workman, one of the few poets of real inspiration. But, more than all that, we like him because we feel that he is one of us. (Applause.) We are glad that he has accepted our invitation, and we are glad that he is here, and I consider it a real privilege to-night to introduce to you, gentlemen, James Whitcomb Riley." (Applause.)

MR. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY: "Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Citizens of Indiana: I am more than privileged to be with you here to-night, and I have been more than touched at many references which have been made regarding the love yet retained by you for your old home, which is mine as yet; and I am particularly grateful for this opportunity to be with you, and, were it not for the peculiar restrictions which were set upon my coming, or accepting the invitation which came from the committee sent by you, I would, to-night, attempt a speech.

"I would feel that I ought to say something, out of the fervor of my heart, express it outside of any ability of poetry to do so. But I have been told that nothing would be expected of me but some of the old-fashioned Hoosier verse (applause), and so I will confine myself to that, lest I would otherwise remind you not only of my being out of order, but I would remind you, as I am reminded, of the old colored man who came to town many years ago and took charge of a colored church.

"There were not a great many colored people in the little town at the time and, the old man, having quit a business that was a lowly one—he was a barber—had gone to the pulpit, feeling a great ambition, and he wanted to maintain his righteousness and stay in the ministry, and not back-track toward his old profession.

He was determined on this, and so, when an old friend met him one day and inquired of him how he was getting along, he said, 'Very well;' that his flock was a small one, but that he was holding his own fairly well. When asked about his earnings, he said they were very meagre, but he lived humbly enough, and was determined to stick it out. Asked about the particulars, and how certain moneys came in, and so on, he said first rate. 'Now,' he said, 'for instance, the funerals. I will preach a sermon. I git two dollars for a funeral sermon. But,' he said, 'folks, you know—you know how some folks is!—with my *funeral* sermons I sometimes has to throw in a hair cut.' (Laughter and applause.)

"Well, endeavoring not to throw in a hair-cut, I feel that I should confine myself to the more serious matter of verse.

"In the old Hoosier country down there—this is an incident that I know about personally. An old pensioner had occasion to go from the little town to the great capital, where he had an old friend who was high in office. Originally, these two men were poor young men, and had made towards 'The Golden Californies;' and one of them had 'struck it rich,' and one had been a failure, had come home early, disgusted with the lay-out; and his friend had gone on, with his accumulated wealth, from one position to the other; and, popular and capable, and worthy of high trust, he was now a congressman at Washington. But, in all his splendor, glad to welcome his old crippled friend who came down to see about something regarding the pension act that would enable him to gain something from the government, which, heretofore, he had refrained from asking, from really patriotic reasons. So now, returned from Washington, back at his old home in the little Hoosier town, the old crippled soldier is leaning on his crutch, telling his story to his fellow-townsmen.

DOWN TO THE CAPITOL.

I' be'n down to the Capitol at Washington, D. C.,
Where Congress meets and passes on the pensions ort to be.
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at, sence the war,
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all—and, yit, how proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes' turned in and tuck and made
Me stay with him while I was there; and, longer 'at I stayed,
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes' to kind o' git away,
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see, I'd got the idy—and I guess most folks agrees—
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes' what they please;
A man worth stacks o' money, and a Congresssman and all,
And livin' in a buildin' bigger'n Masonic Hall!

Now, mind, I'm not a-faultin' Fluke—he made his money square.
We both was Forty-niners, and both bu'sted gittin' there;
I weakened and onwindlassed, and he stuck and stayed, and made
His millions—don't know what I'm worth untel my pension's paid!

But I was goin' to tell you—er a-ruther goin' to try
To tell you—how he's livin' now: gas burnin' mighty nigh
In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,
Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They's people there from all the world—jes' ever' kind 'at lives,
Injuns and all! and Senators, and Ripresentatives;
And girls, you kuow, jes' dressed in gauze and roses, I declare!
And even old men shamblin' round and waltzin' with 'em therel

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes 'way in some other room
Jes' chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and perfume;
And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes made,
Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.

And Fluke, he coaxed and begged and pled with me to take a hand
And sashay in amongst 'em—crutch and all, you understand;
But, when I said how tired I was, and made fer open air,
He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.

"My God!" says he—Fluke says to me—"I'm tireder'n you;
Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.
Set back a leetle funder in the shadder—that'll do;
I'm tireder'n you, old man, I'm tireder'n you.

"You see that air old dome," says he, "humped up ag'inst the sky. It's grand first time you see it, but it changes by and by, And then it stays jes' that-away—jes' anchored high and dry Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.

"Night's purty; not so purty, though, as what it used to be When my first wife was livin'. You remember her," says he. I nodded like, and Fluke went on: "I wonder, now, ef she Knows where I am—and what I am—and what I ust to be.

"That band is there!—I ust to think 'at music couldn't wear A feller on the way it does; but that ain't music there— That's jes' a' imitation, and, like ever' thing, I swear, I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

It's all jes' artificial, this 'ere high-priced life of ours; The theory—it's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours. They's no home left, ner ties o' home about it. By the powers, The whole thing's artificialer'n artificial flowers!

"And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes' to go And set down by the kitchen stove—Lord! that'u'd rest me so,— Jes' set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.

"Jes' set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in, 'Peared like, to say the whole thing over to hisse'f ag'in; Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer Somepin o' 'nuther in the grass—I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that air pension bill, I've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich, They's nothin' much patheticker'n jes' a-being rich!

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S.

Wasn't it pleasant, O, brother mine!
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

"Me and you"—and the morning fair,
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
The scent of the cherry-blossoms, blown
After us, in the roadway lone,
Our capering shadows onward thrown—
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

The few last houses of the town;
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;
Past the squat toll-gate, with its well-sweep pole;
The bridge, and "The old Baptizin'-hole."
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood;
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings;
All hushed, we feign to strike strange trails,
As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,
Till again our real quest lags and fails—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!—
Where such heroes of war as we!—
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable end
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not
Half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

The jelly, the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to old Aunt Mary's!

Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face
And gentle as hers, or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake?—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

The honey, too, in its amber comb,
One only finds in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!
So hot that we gloried to drink it so
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim hay-mow with its fragrances?—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks—all,
We ranged at will.—Where the waterfall
Laughed all day as it slowly poured
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,
While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

But, home, with Aunty in nearer call,
That was the best place, after all!—
The talks on the back-porch, in the low
Slanting sun and the evening glow,
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden, near the side
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide,—
The apple-house—like a fairy cell—
With the little square door we knew so well,
And the wealth inside, but our tongues could tell—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept,
Where the cream, in a golden languor, slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time have you and I—
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—
Knelt, and, in tremulous ecstasies,
Dipped our lips into sweets like these,—
Memory now is on her knees
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

For, O, my brother, so far away!
This is to tell you—she waits to-day
To welcome us: Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering: "Tell
The boys to come" : And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

The following committees had charge of the banquet and arrangements:

COMMITTEE ON SPEAKERS AND PROGRAM

Daniel W. Scanlan, Chairman	Allan C. Durborow	H. I. Miller
J. C. Shaffer	John Farson	

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

George B. McCutcheon, Chairman

Edward Francis Carry	Charles Alling, Jr.	George W. Maher
William B. Austin	Guy Cramer	John H. Sonntag
William C. Free	Mortimer Levering	Lewis K. Torbet
L. C. Rose	George W. Powell	Hoyt King
Orson C. Wells	W. F. Banks	Edward Rector
William W. Buchanan	Sam Finney	Otto Gresham
Henry S. Towle	Ernest Dale Owen	G. M. Cushing
Louis M. Henoch	Lee D. Mathias	A. L. Swift

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS AND FINANCE

Hugh H. Hadley, Chairman	Charles W. McGuire	William A. Heath
Lewis H. Falley	Gilbert R. Call	

COMMITTEE ON BANQUET

John B. Kitchen, Chairman	Frank M. Morris	John L. Jackson
William A. Vawter	Will J. Davis	

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